

# **EXHIBIT 1**

Ruopian Chen  
REDACTED  
Millstone Township, NJ 08510  
November 27, 2007

Hon. Colleen McMahon  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
United States Courthouse  
500 Pearl Street, Room 640  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge McMahon:

Thank you for allowing me to express my feelings at this time. I feel deeply sorry for what I did and the people I hurt, including my wife, my family and my newborn son, REDACTED

I never thought that I would face a prison term in any situation. I was brought up and educated as a good citizen of society and never thought I would hurt anyone in my life. Yet I made a huge mistake that destroyed my life, my family, and my newborn son's golden childhood. My pain is beyond description and the punishment I receive does not start from the sentencing day. In the past months, every day, stress, anxiety, depression, remorse, all these feelings eat my heart. I lost the most valuable things in life: family, freedom, and career. I can't work to support my family or pay my debt to society. I have completely lost touch with the outside world.

I cherish what life gave me and am always amazed at how miraculous a life can be. I spent much of my time on biochemistry before I began working in finance. My head used to be filled with numbers, symbols, and charts with a variety of interesting biological organisms. My research projects required me to constantly deal with growing different lives, from bacteria to little rabbits. With my own eyes, I have seen how a simple cell with genetic coding can turn into such a complicated organic system. I often stared at the cell plates in my lab for a long time, imagining how one cell turned into two, and two turned into four ....

When my wife became pregnant, we felt blessed that we could finally have a baby after many years of hoping. For the first time in my life, I was able to follow a human being's life growth from the very beginning. I picked up books again, only this time, the books were about pregnancy, embryos, and babies. I felt I was pursuing another Ph.D., a real life degree that was far more interesting than any research work I had done in the past. I started being eloquent in pregnancy terms, and was able to explain to my wife how the embryo was implanted, as if she didn't already know. All the weeks passing by were no longer a passage of time, but stages of the baby's development in our world. I studied the sonograph as carefully as I could to confirm every step in the books. Every detail of the baby's growth was kept in the bottom of my heart. I remember the days when my wife's abdomen suddenly changed shape because the baby had flipped over head-down into the birth position. I remember the image that the technician pointed to showing me our baby was a boy. I also remember the panic we had after my wife was diagnosed with the very serious condition placenta previa.

Our final dissertation time came unexpectedly on June 2nd, when my wife started bleeding and had a C-section several weeks earlier than planned. It was a scary day, but we didn't fail the exam and we had

this little skinny REDACTED in our hands after a few intensive hours. My eyes were full of tears in the operation room. Life is no longer in a lab or in my research reports. He is in my hands. In front of my eyes. Our own little REDACTED I held my wife's hands through the whole operation. We looked at each other at a time when thousands of things came to mind.

Now that we have REDACTED we finally can call us a family. Every day, I continue to observe the amazing development of a baby, both physically and spiritually. We drew a growth chart of REDACTED that looked almost like an exponential curve, and we were often surprised to wake up to a new sound he could make. I know I have limited time with this amazing new life, so I cherish every moment. Many times, I hope magic can turn him into a 5-year-old or 15-year-old, so that I can teach him how to ride a bike, or how to perform a Tai Chi exercise. I want to tell him everything about his parents, how they met each other and fell in love. I want to tell him what happened in the past so that he can avoid any mistakes like ours, and appreciate how valuable life is. I want to make promises to REDACTED that Daddy will stand up again after paying back his debt to the society: he will be a good dad, a good husband as he has always been, and more importantly a good, law-abiding citizen. And a very small promise that may not matter to REDACTED any more after some years: Daddy will buy him a real crib, not the one that he's sleeping in now, the foldable travel pack. I want REDACTED to still love me and his mother, just like we love him, no matter what has happened or what will happen.

A book I read years ago said that human beings are the only beings on earth that smile in responding to love, perhaps as God intended. As little as REDACTED is, he already shows an instinct for love. He smiles every time his mother comes into his eyesight and every time I make a kissing sound. Human beings are perhaps also the only beings that inflict pain on themselves by making bad judgments. Every time I hear my wife's quiet weeping in the middle of the night, I pound myself for making the mistakes that I made. Every time I see REDACTED smile and know I will miss it for the years to come, I cry out to the Lord to let me relive my life.

I want to apologize again for my conduct, and I take full responsibility. Every day now, I'm preparing myself for a new life, and feel pain that I cannot do anything at this time to pay back the debt. I know I may not be able to see REDACTED and my wife for a while. This causes me great sorrow I just can't avoid even with all the mental preparation. I know the punishment won't stop even after I serve my time. I take the lesson to heart and I won't forget since I am reminded every time I see my wife and my son. But I hope the growth chart of REDACTED continues and can still be filled with love.

Out of the same window, one sees only dirt on the ground, another sees the bright shining stars. I want to be the latter person.

Thanks for reading this, Your Honor.

Yours sincerely,

Ruopian Chen

